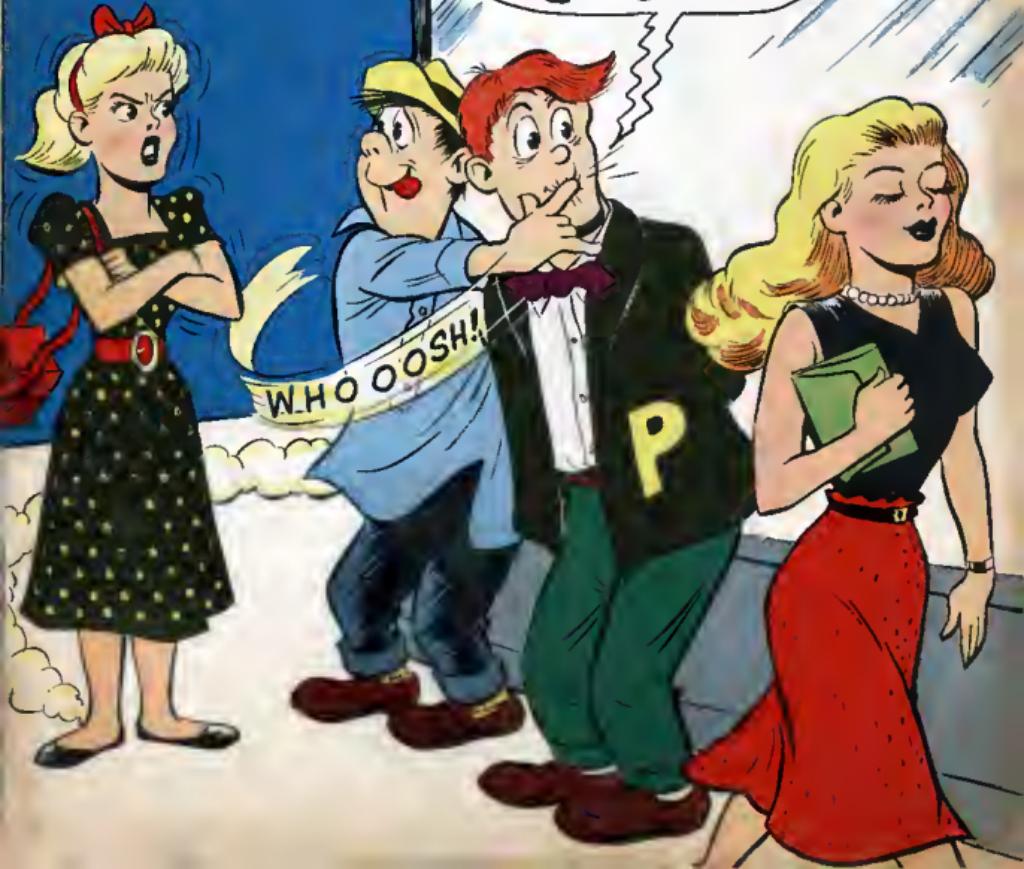


NO 23
APRIL-MAY*The*

KILROYS

America's Funniest Family!

10¢

TOOWEEEEEE!
TOO...MFIT!!

WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM





RESEARCH APPROVED

AMAZING NEW SCIENTIFIC FORMULA (Contains no DESTROYS THESE HAIR-KILLING GERMS:



NOTHING CAN DO MORE TO

SAVE YOUR HAIR

Look for these symptoms: ITCHY SCALP, DANDRUFF, UNPLEASANT HEAD ODORS, HEAD SCALES, HAIR LOSS. It may be nature's warning of approaching baldness. Be guided by NATURE'S WARNING. Do as thousands do: start using the NEW AND IMPROVED, AMAZING, SCIENTIFIC HAIR RESEARCH FORMULA (it contains no alcohol).

NEW FORMULA GIVES BETTER RESULTS

It kills quickly and efficiently millions of trouble-breeding bacteria. This new and improved HAIR RESEARCH FORMULA now kills safely and quickly ALL FOUR types of these destructive hair germs. Many medical authorities know that these hair-destroying germs are a significant cause of baldness. Do what science knows nothing better for you to do: KILL THESE GERMS, they may DESTROY your HAIR growth. Act now, mail coupon below and test it at home for 10 days FREE at our expense! No other formula known to science can do more to SAVE YOUR HAIR!

GET FIVE IMMEDIATE BENEFITS

- (1) Kill the four types of germs that may be retarding your normal hair growth.
- (2) Help stop scalp itch and burn.
- (3) Follow the instructions of the treatment and start enjoying healthful massaging action.
- (4) Helps bring hair-nourishing blood to scalp.
- (5) Helps remove ugly loose dandruff.

Don't wait till you get BALDI! It's TOO LATE then. Remember, science knows no cure for baldness. The NEW AND IMPROVED HAIR RESEARCH FORMULA that contains no alcohol, helps keep your scalp (that may be sick) free of loose dandruff, scabborrhœa, and helps stop the hair loss they cause. With this formula your hair will appear thicker, more alive and attractive almost from the first time you use it.

SATISFIED USERS SAY:

Nothing I have ever used has done more for my hair. A. P., Trenton, N. J.

My friends remark how much better my hair looks after using your formula for only two weeks. Mr. A. L., Boston, Mass.

No hair expert I have ever gone to has done as much for me. H. T., New York City.

My scalp feels better, my hair looks better, my hair itch is gone; it's the only thing that ever helped my hair. H. H., Chicago, Ill.



MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE WITH A 10-DAY FREE TRIAL

If the NEW AND IMPROVED HAIR RESEARCH FORMULA doesn't live up to your expectations, if you don't feel it's the best thing you ever did for your hair, if your hair and scalp doesn't appear improved, if you are not 100% delighted with it, if after using it for 10 days you don't see an improvement, return the unused portion and your money will be refunded in full. You have nothing to lose, you are the sole judge. SO DON'T DELAY, MAIL COUPON TODAY!

SENT ON APPROVAL!

HAIR RESEARCH CO., Dept. 53
1025 Broad Street
Newark, New Jersey

Rush one month's supply of your NEW AND IMPROVED AMAZING SCIENTIFIC HAIR RESEARCH FORMULA at once. I enclose \$2.00 cash, check or money order, ship prepaid. My money will be refunded if not satisfied.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

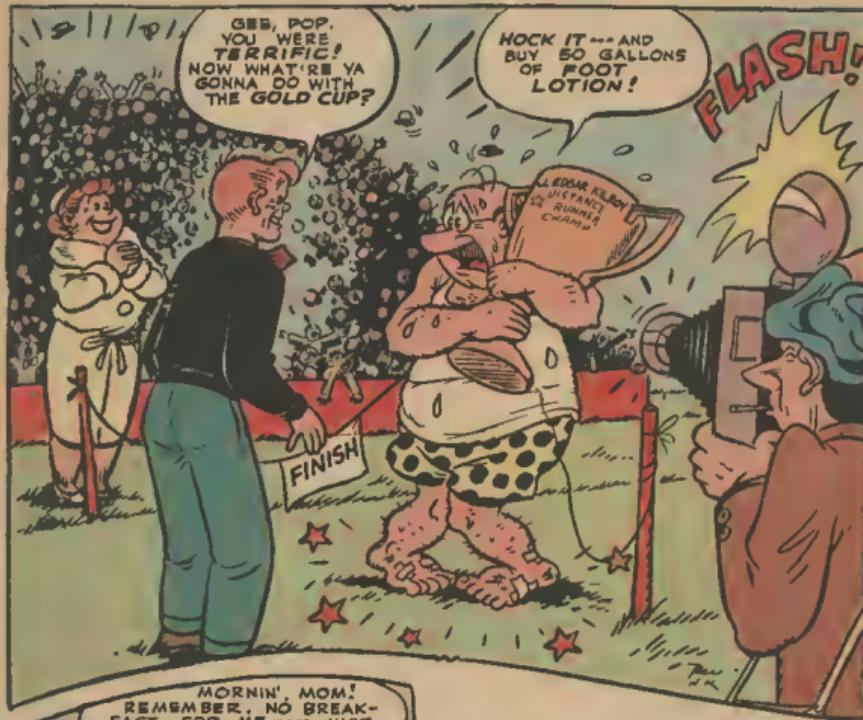
State _____

I understand if not satisfied with the NEW AND IMPROVED HAIR FORMULA, I can return it after 10 days for full purchase price refund.

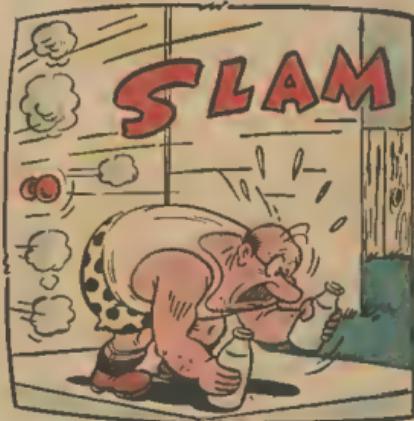
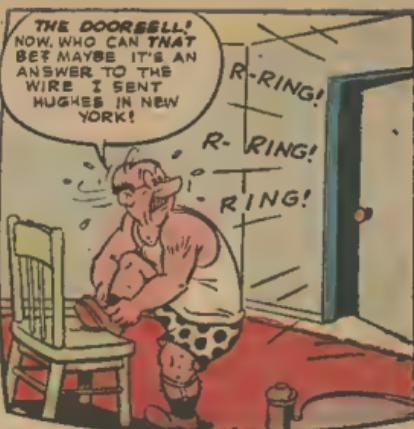
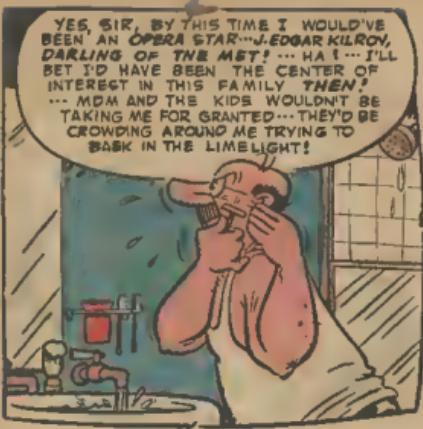
I enclose \$5.00 send 3 months supply.

The KILROY'S

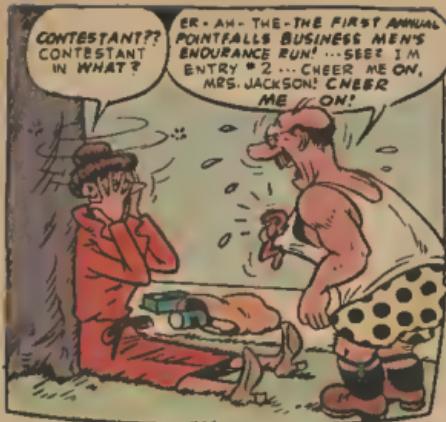
"GALLOPING POP"











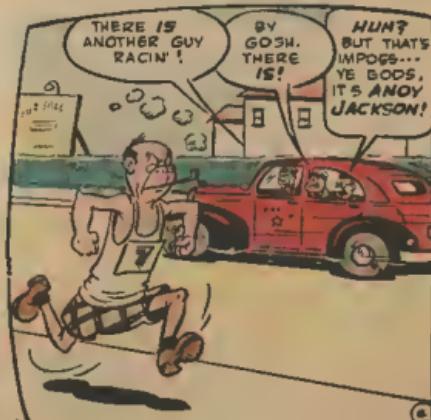
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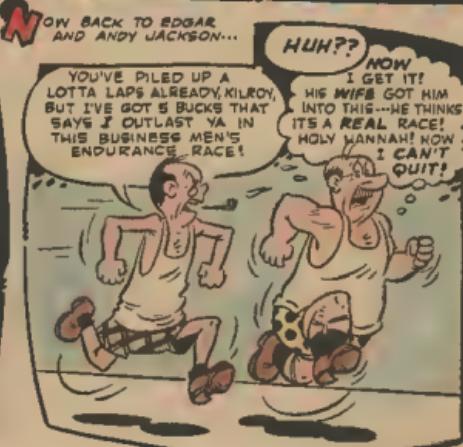
NOW BACK TO
EDGAR

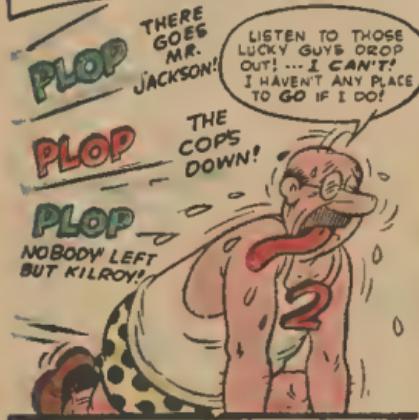
DOOGOHE THING
WONT BUDGES! IF... HOLY
HANNAH! HERE COME 3
MORE WOMEN ... I'LL
HAVE TO START RUNNING
AGAIN! BUT THIS TIME,
I'LL GO AROUND THE
OTHER WAY!

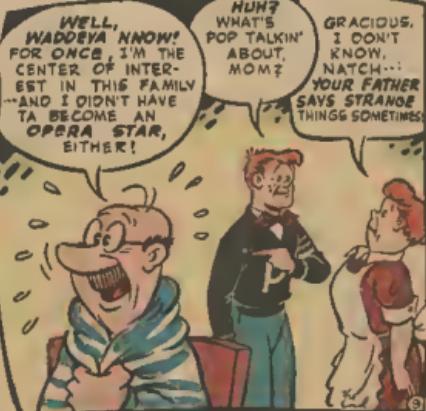
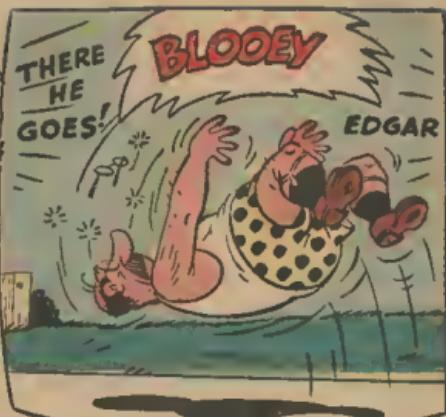
LOOK
AT THAT,
MIKE!

WELL FOR CRYIN'
OUT LOUD! ... SOME
OLD CRACKPOT RUNNIN'
AROUND IN HIS UNOEE-
WEAR! ... OKAY, LET'S
PICK 'IM UP!











The AWKWARD AGE

MR. and Mrs. Davis were deeply concerned about their son. They had just attended a lecture called "The Dangers of Adolescence" and naturally, their thoughts sped to Walter, who was on the verge of becoming seventeen.

"Remember what the lecturer said, dear?" Mr. Davis remarked, as they walked home from the Town Hall. "About how unhappy and painful this business of growing up can be?"

"Yes. Poor Walter!" Mrs. Davis wiped a tear from her eye. "I never realized he had so many problems!"

"Well, I'm going to have a talk with our boy the minute we get home," Mr. Davis vowed. "Bet he'll be encouraged by a talk with his dad . . . set him straight, you know . . . pull him out of this slump . . ."

"That's a wonderful idea," Mrs. Davis said. "Poor Walter!"

Poor Walter, who had been working on a chemistry experiment as his folks walked in, had to tear himself away at his dad's request.

"Now, just sit down, my boy," Mr. Davis said kindly. "Your mother and I have just been to a lecture, as you know, and there are a few things we'd like to talk over with you. Now, this feeling of loneliness that boys your age often have . . ."

"Excuse me, dad, there's the telephone!" said Walter. His mother and father could bear him refusing to go to a party that Friday night. "Sorry, Louella, but I'm dated for Fri," he was saying breezily. "Try me again soon, won'tcha?" Then back to his understanding father, who smiled at him gently.

"Walter, dear," his mother said, "we know that you're having a hard time, learning to adjust to social demands

and especially where girls are concerned. You are probably shy and awkward and . . ."

"Excuse me, mother, there's the phone again!" This time, Walter's voice could be heard pulsing with affection. "Hiya, doll-girl! Mmm-hmm. What kind of dress are you wearing, so I'll know about the flowers? Oh, that one's a honey . . . real sharp! See ya soon, Janie!"

"Sorry, mom. Sorry, dad!" Walter seated himself in the living room again, a polite, listening expression on his face.

"What your mother was trying to say, son, is simply this," Mr. Davis took over. "We are ready to help you, no matter what—"

The mailman's whistle sounded at the door. "Letter for Mr. Walter Davis! And it's perfumed!"

Walter blushed as he took the scented note from the mailman. "Must be from Rosalie," he murmured. "She's got sort of a crush on me. Go ahead, dad!"

"In this, your time of loneliness and pain," Walter's dad began, but he got no further. A swarm of boys and girls trooped through the back door, clamoring loudly for Walter.

"Where's Walter? We're goin' to the movies! Hurry up, Wally!"

Walter excused himself to his mother and dad. "I hope you don't mind," he said, "but the gang had a movie date tonight! Maybe you can finish telling me about the pains of growing up later!"

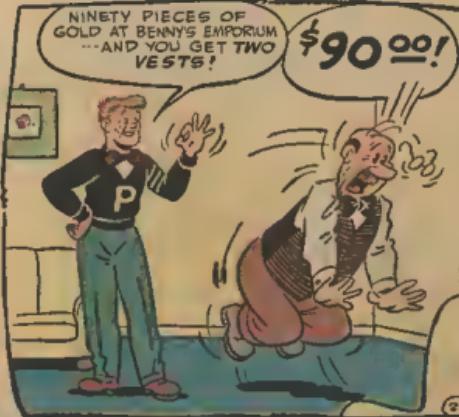
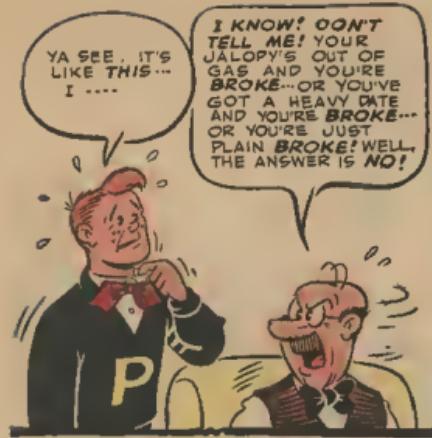
"Somehow, I don't think we'll have to, dear," said Mr. Davis to his wife, as the door closed behind the gang.

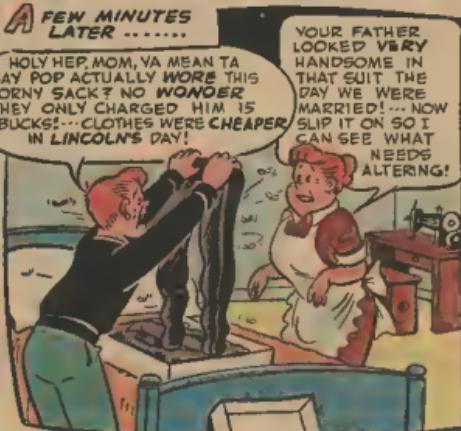
"I have a distinct feeling," retorted Mrs. Davis, smiling proudly, "that we don't have to worry about Walter! He's all right!"

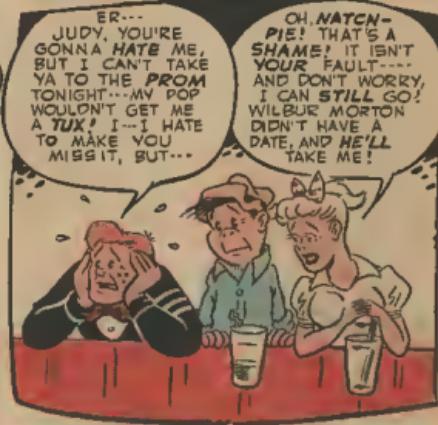
Natch

"TUXEDO - HAPPY"









A FEN MINUTES LATER...



MEANWHILE,
BACK AT HOME...



S...



I'LL BET I'M NUMBER ONE ON NATC'n'S HEEL PARADE! WHAT KIND OF FATHER AM I TO LET A MEASLY 90 BUCKS MAKE AN ENEMY OF MY OWN SON?

HELLO, HEEL!



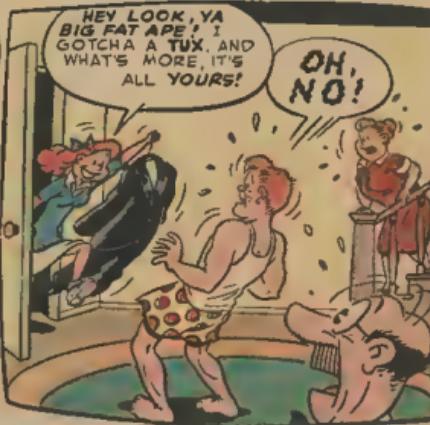
BY GOSH, I'M GONNA GET HIM THAT TUX --- CAN'T LET EMMA KNOW ABOUT IT, THOUGH! SHE'D SHOOT ME FOR SPENDING 90 DOLLARS! ... HA, I FEEL BETTER ALREADY!

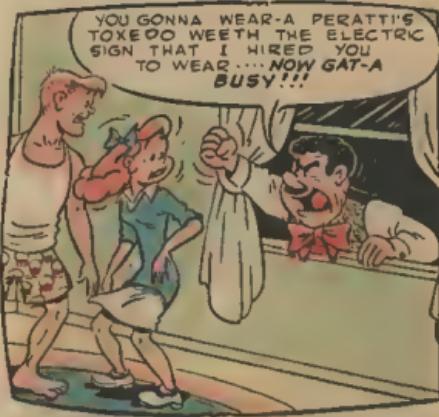












BETSY

BY AL HARTLEY
I'VE GOT A DATE WITH HOMER TONIGHT, DAD!

HOMER? BAH! WHEN I WAS A BOY, I STUDIED A GIRL BEFORE DATING HER!



Independence day for JUNE

JUNE was completely, thoroughly and utterly unhappy. She was on the verge of tears as she pleaded with her mother, for the hundredth time, "But mother, I'm sixteen!"

"I know it, June," her mother answered calmly. "You still have at least one year to wait, and you might as well get used to the idea!"

"But all the other girls use lipstick!" June's voice was frantic. "I'm the only one who doesn't, mother, and I look so odd and peculiar!"

"You look like any wholesome, well-bred young lady *should* look!" her mother answered. "I don't want to see my daughter growing up too fast!"

"Then . . . then I c . . . can't have a lipstick?" June's lips were quivering. "Mother, please . . ."

"No, June. Now let's not discuss it any longer!"

June ran up to her room, her eyes brimming with tears, a feeling of desolation pervading her. "She just doesn't understand!" she sobbed into her pillow. "If she only knew how funny I feel, especially when a boy talks to me! I just want to run away and *hide!* And all the other girls think I'm different, too! If there was only something I could do to show mother how *important* it is!"

Something she could do . . . all that day, June puzzled and pondered. How could she convince her mother of her great need for a pretty pink lipstick? She had tried tears and arguments, all to no avail!

It was while mother and dad were dressing to go out to dinner, that the idea came to June. She knew they were meeting some pretty important people—clients of dad's. Mother was fussing

with her hair, so it would look especially nice, and dad was urging her to wear her very best dress.

"We really want to make an impression on these folks!" June heard her dad saying, as she tiptoed past them into the dressing room, and just as carefully, tiptoed out again.

A few minutes later, June could hear her mother wailing, "Harold! Harold, have you seen my makeup box? I can't seem to find it!"

"It's probably right in front of you," June's father laughed. "You women get flustered so easily."

"Honestly, I've looked everywhere, and I just don't see it!" June's mother had a bit of hysteria in her voice. "Now, Harold, I'm not going out without my makeup! You'll just have to make some sort of excuse to these people. I'd rather have them thinking I was sick than *peculiar!*"

June recognized the right moment when she heard it. "Now you know how *I* feel, mother!" she said, returning the makeup box to the dressing table. "I feel peculiar, too, and different from all the other girls my age!"

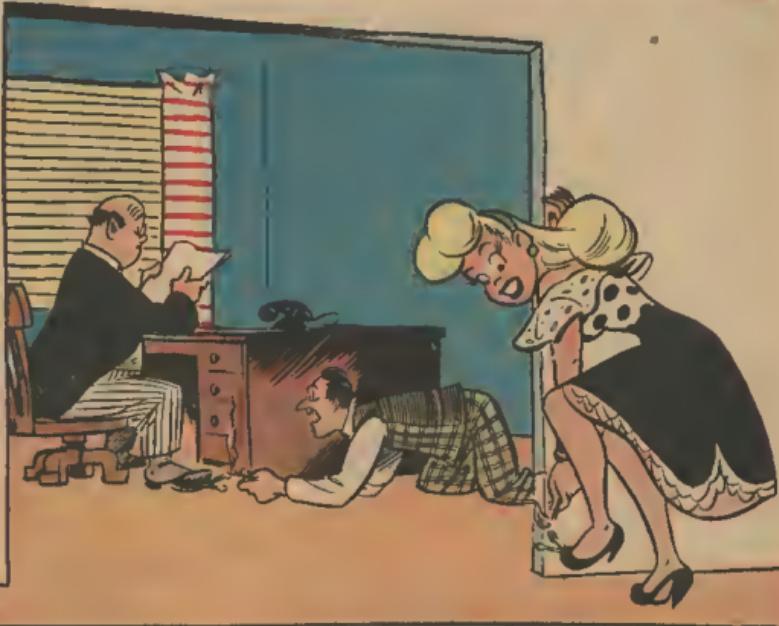
Dad grinned. "Sounds as though she has a point there," he said. "I think June's got the makings of a lawyer!"

"Well, she's certainly won *this* case," her mother admitted. "I guess I didn't want to admit that June was growing up . . . but she *is!* We'll buy you a lipstick tomorrow, June, and that's a promise!"

The next morning, June got the rosiest lipstick in town . . . and the rosiest feeling of confidence to go with it! She thanked her mother and said shyly, "I guess we can date my social success from *this moment!*"

MORONICA

MISS NIT-WIT OF 1950

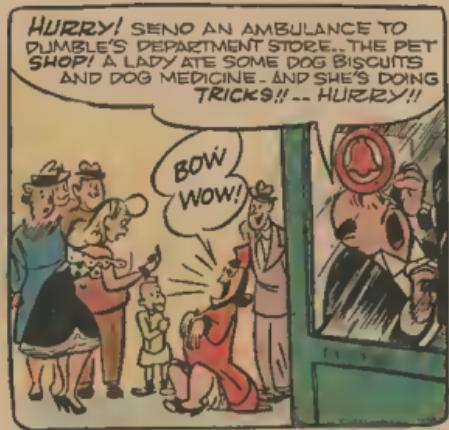












The KILROYS

in
"POP'S MILLIONS"

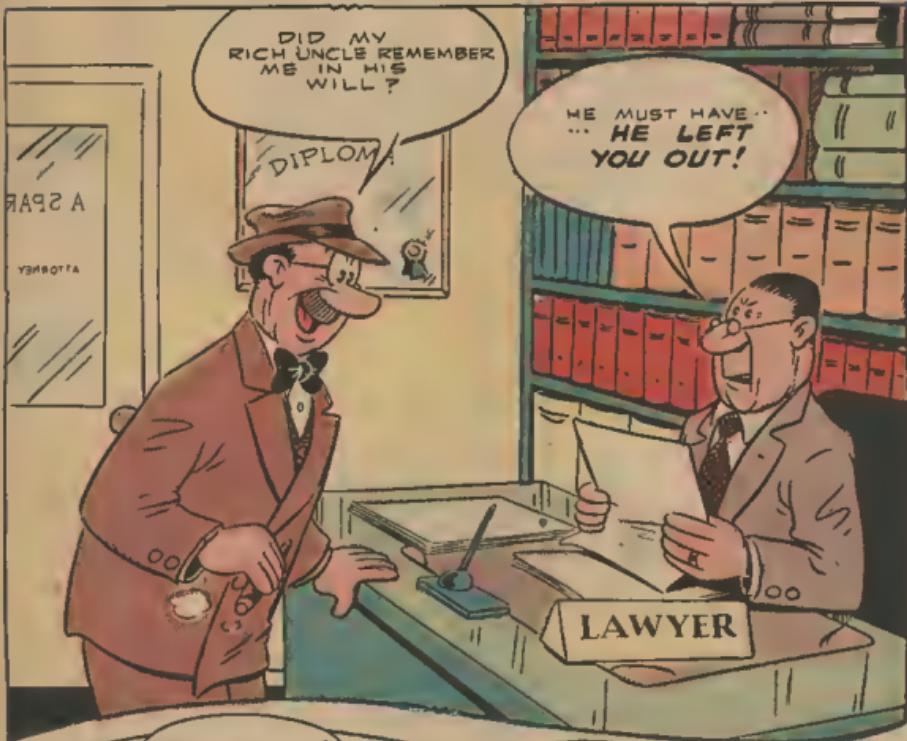
DID MY
RICH UNCLE REMEMBER
ME IN HIS
WILL?

HE MUST HAVE...
... HE LEFT
YOU OUT!

TELEGRAM!

TELEGRAM
FOR J. EDGAR
KILROY, THE
LUCKY PUP!

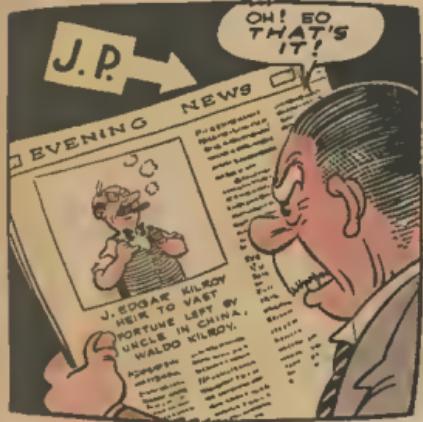
HUH?
THAT'S
ME!





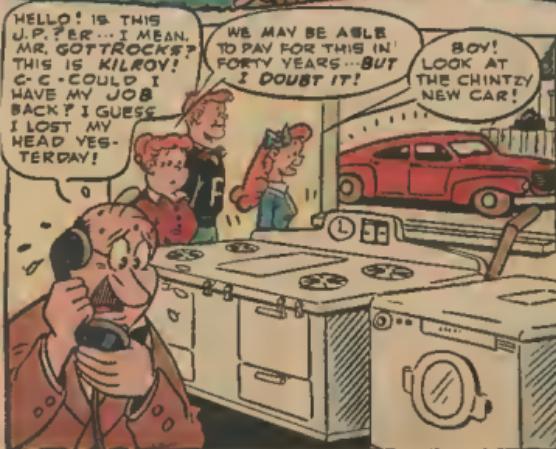
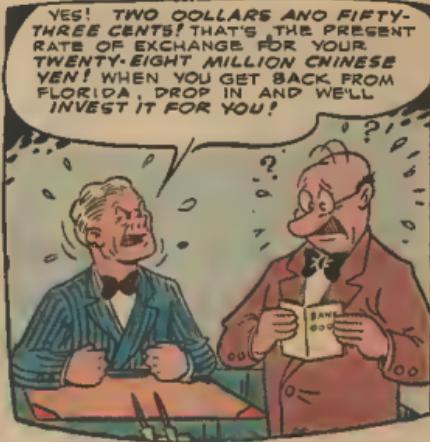












The
End!



FRANK H. FLEER, CORP.
PHILADELPHIA 41, PENNA.

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52
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THE GREATEST GROUP
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...REGULARLY..
Read **AMERICAN!**

The Girl next door

DANNY Beal had been away at college for one solid year, so it was swell to be home again. He had just polished off one of mom's noblest dinners and was feeling in top shape when mom had to disturb the peace.

"Danny, dear!" He didn't like the tone of that "dear." "Do you remember the little girl next door . . . Ellen Chester? I was wondering whether you'd care to escort her to her first dance. It would be so sweet if you did!"

Danny popped up out of his chair and began to shadow-box, as though warding off some unseen enemy. "Nothing doing!" he said. "I remember that kid, and I'm surprised at you, mom! Little Ellen Chester! Just a collection of long skinny legs, a few thousand freckles and braces on her front teeth!"

"But, Danny. . ." his mother said, as though trying to voice an objection.

"Forget it, mom! Until I can find a girl like you, I'll struggle along. And besides, I've got a date for the dance!"

Mrs. Beal smiled. Had Danny remembered, he would have recognized that smile, which his dad always called "the smile of mystery." "Well, all right, Danny," she said resignedly. "Just don't come around and say I didn't ask you!"

Danny shrugged lightly and then shuddered as he called up his memories of the girl next door. The last time he had seen her, her hair had had that sheepdog effect, all wind-blown over her eyes. "Women!" he snorted.

Came Saturday night, Danny had forgotten all about the girl next door. He and his date walked into the school auditorium, checked their coats and glided onto the well-waxed dance floor.

When the dance was over, Danny became aware of the couple who had come to a halt next to him. He paid no attention to the boy. How could he, when the girl was so breath-taking? Enormous gray-green eyes, a tiny nose with an enchanting spray of freckles across the bridge, and a shining sweep of cornsilk hair brushing her shoulders.

Vaguely, Danny realized that introductions were being made, that he was smiling at this glorious creature who was smiling back at him and that her name was somewhat familiar. It was *Ellen Chester!*

"Ellen Chester!" Danny's voice was full of worship and wonder. He hated himself for letting his chance go by, understanding at last his mother's words, her smile of mystery. Reluctantly, he watched Ellen dance off in the arms of her partner. . .

The following day, Danny ate a half-hearted breakfast as his mother looked on, anxious-eyed. "What's wrong, Dan?" she asked. "Didn't you have a good time at the dance?"

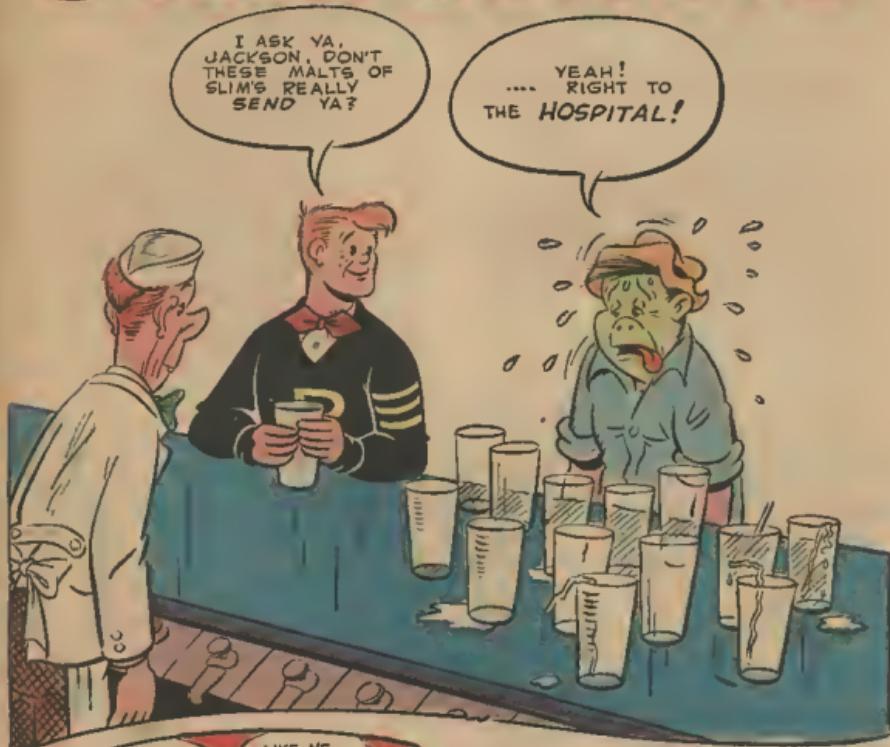
"Oh, swell," he answered broodingly. "Say, mom, you don't happen to know the phone number of the Chesters, do you? I just might want to make a call!"

Mrs. Beal smiled again. "Of course, I do!" she said.

Danny dialed the Chester's number, a worried look on his face. "Hello, Ellen?" he said. "This is the boy next door . . . Danny Beal! . . . You did?" A happy smile lit up his face. "I'll be right over!" he said.

As Danny sped through the house, he shouted to his mother, "Hey, mom, she remembered my voice! I'm on my way to make an undying impression on the girl next door!"

"Solid Jackson"

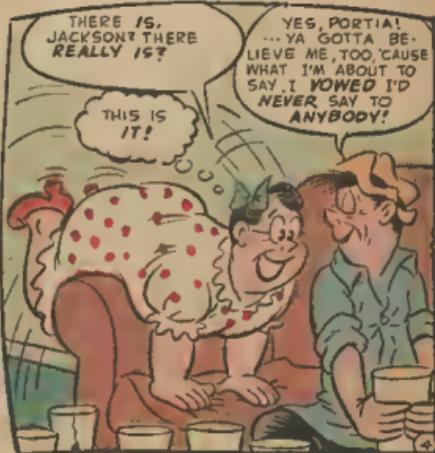
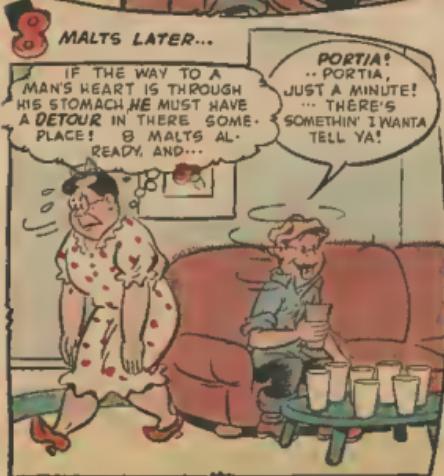






*BEAT GOFASTER





PORTRIA, YA BIG BLIMP! YOU COULD TAKE SLIM'S JOB AWAY FROM HIM AT THE SWEET TOOTH ANYTIME! YOUR MALTS ARE TWICE AS KEEN AS HIS!... NOW RUSTLE ME UP ANOTHER ONE, HUH?



I'VE POURED 8 MALTS DOWN HIS BOTTOMLESS PIT... AND YA KNOW WHAT HIS ROMANTIC REMARK WAS?... I MADE MALTS BETTERN SLIM!
-SOBE

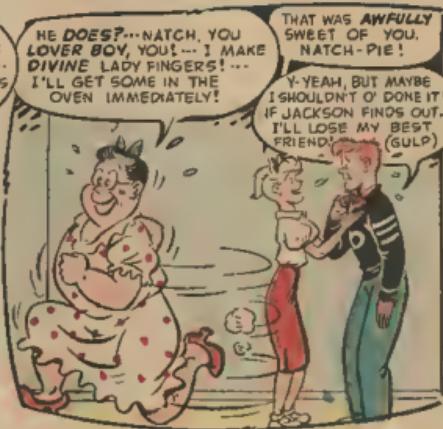
I'LL BET I KNOW WHY THE LOVE BUG ISN'T BITIN' HIM! ---MALTS ARENT HIS BIG WEAKNESS... LADY FINGERS ARE! HE POPS HIS PATE IF HE GETS WITHIN A MILE OF ONE!



HE DOES?...NATCH, YOU LOVER BOY, YO! ---I MAKE DIVINE LADY FINGERS! --- I'LL GET SOME IN THE OVEN IMMEDIATELY!

THAT WAS AWFULLY SWEET OF YOU, NATCH-PIE!

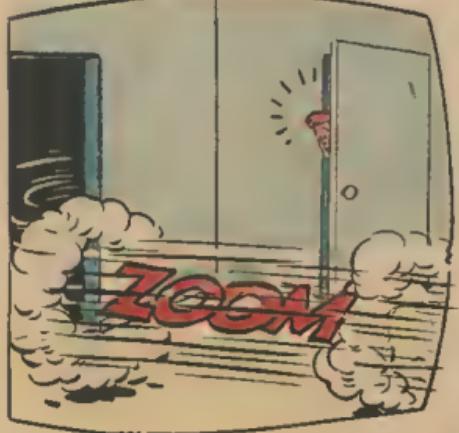
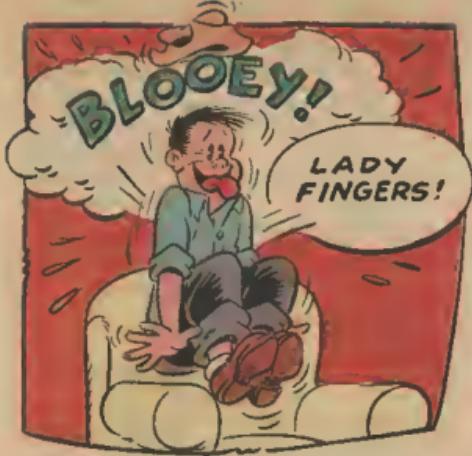
Y-EAH, BUT MAYBE I SHOULDN'T OF DONE IT! IF JACKSON FINDS OUT, I'LL LOSE MY BEST FRIEND! (GULP)



A FEW MINUTES LATER...

HEY, WHERE'S THAT MALT? IF YA AREN'T MAKIN' ME ANOTHER MALT, I'M GOIN' HOME!







FINALLY...



HE SAID IT! HE CALLED ME PORTIA-PIE! I'VE WOH HIM! IT WORKED! OOD! HE'S CA-RAZY FOR ME AT LAST!



LATER ... AT THE SWEET TOOTH...



JERK!

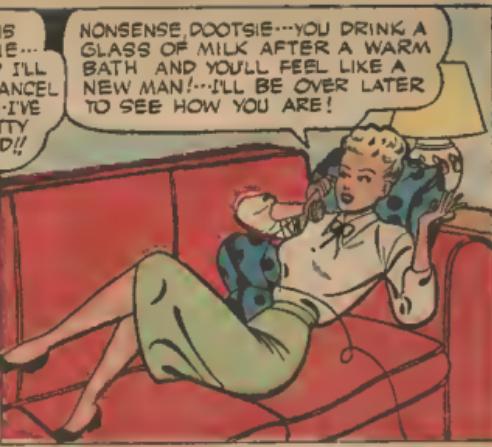
THAT'S WHY I'LL NEVER UNDERSTAND WOMEN! ALL AFTERNOON SHE FILLS ME WITH MALTS AND LADY FINGERS--AND THEN TONIGHT?--A BANANA SPLIT ON THE KONK!



DOOTSIE

LOUISE, THIS IS DOOTSIE... I'M AFRAID I'LL HAVE TO CANCEL OUR DATE... I'VE GOT A PRETTY BAD COLD!!

NONSENSE DOOTSIE... YOU DRINK A GLASS OF MILK AFTER A WARM BATH AND YOU'LL FEEL LIKE A NEW MAN... I'LL BE OVER LATER TO SEE HOW YOU ARE!



I'LL RUN OVER TO SEE DOOTSIE NOW... HE SHOULD BE FEELING BETTER!



BUT, DOOTSIE, DIDN'T YOU DRINK THE GLASS OF MILK AFTER THE WARM BATH, AS I TOLD YOU TO?



NO! I'M TOO FULL! IN FACT, I COULDN'T EVEN FINISH DRINKING THE WARM BATH!



BLACKHEADS "PET HATE"

Say Men, Girls in Choosing Date

What a "black mark" is the blackhead . . . according to men and girls popular enough to be choosy about dates!

"Nobody's date bait!" "Nobody's date hit!" And that's not all that's said of those who are careless about blackheads. But blackheads ARE ugly! Blackheads ARE grimy! And they DON'T look good in close-ups!

So can you blame the fellow who says, "Sure, I meet lots of girls who look cute at first glance. But if, on that second glance, I see dingy blackheads, it's good night!"

Or can you blame the girl who confesses, "I hate to go out with a fellow who has blackheads. If he's careless about that you're sure he'll embarrass you in other ways, too!"

But you — are YOUR ears burning? Well, you're company and, sad to say, good company. There are lots of otherwise attractive fellows and girls who could date anyone they like if they'd only realize how offensive blackheads are . . . and how easily and quickly they could get rid of them . . . if they want to!

"He-Man" Often Guilty of Blockhead Crime

Take your "he-man" . . . super at track, games, sports of all kinds . . . who thinks that after just a shower he's ready to go into town? And won't the girls all admire his muscles!

Sure they would! But not many dance floors are set up for hurdle races! You can't show off your snappy left hook when only cokes are in the ring. The "he-man" who's also clean-cut, will get the breaks wherever he is.

Even Cute Girls Become Careless

Easy, too easy, for a girl to think that if she has the latest in clothes and hair-do she needn't bother about blackheads. A little more makeup, she guesses, will take care of that. But MAKE UP WON'T ERASE BLACKHEADS! It's plaster of paris, maybe! And even good makeup "slips" at a dance! So don't take chances, cute though you may be!

10 DAY TRIAL GUARANTEE

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NEW! SCIENTIFIC! VACUUM ACTION!

Amazing new VACUTEX is painless . . . safe . . . fast! In seconds you are rid of those ugly blackheads that clog the pores . . . make your skin look grimy and dingy . . . give others such a wrong impression of you. VACUTEX creates a gentle vacuum pressure around the blackhead and extracts it — quickly! — without injury to tender skin tissues. Keep skin always clear this new scientific way. Without painful squeezing! Without dangerous infection from germy fingers! Just place VACUTEX over blackhead and draw back extactor. Blackhead's out! Simple! But you'll be delighted by your instantly improved appearance. Others will notice your clearer, cleaner skin! Try VACUTEX — now!



ACTUAL LENGTH 3 1/2" RUSH COUPON NOW!

10 DAY TRIAL OFFER

Don't send a penny. Mail coupon and pay postage only \$1.00 plus postage, save on postage by mailing \$1.00 worth postage stamps. It was thrilled to be rid of embarrassing hated blackheads this new quick way — just return VACUTEX in 10 days and get \$1 back. Order today.



No Squeezing
No Infection
No Injury
to Skin
Tissues!



Just place VACUTEX over blackhead — release extactor — and blackhead's out!

TAKE THESE TIPS TO BANISH BLACKHEADS

Keep skin clean by washing morning and night with warm, almost hot, water. Use good soap and plenty of it. And finish with cool water.

Extract every blackhead as soon as you see it — with a SAFE extactor. Don't use finger nails. Don't squeeze. That may mean infection, injured tissues, a marred skin.

Just be clean! Be quick! And be safe! That's easy! And that's ALL!

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IT'S WORTH MOST!

A \$10.00 assortment of beautiful gifts at the general store. Price of sale \$3.98. All items are in the same price range and averaging in the vicinity of \$1.00 are guaranteed to total a value of \$15.00 or more.

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- COMPLETE 12 PIECE FISHING KIT
- PERFECT FOR SALT OR FRESH WATER
- NOW...A REAL FISHING KIT JUST LIKE DAD'S!

STRONG RIDE
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CATCH 'EM
TWICE THIS
TIME

Here's the gof' num'n been waitin' for! A real fishing outfit just like Dad's . . .

What thrills and excitement when he casts his line and hooks a big one!

The ALL-AMERICAN comes with rod & reel and complete tackle. It's the all-around fishing KNOX extra in boy-these are friends and fun with this handy-dandy gift! **SEND NO MONEY**, Rush your order today. Remit order and we pay postage at C.O.D. plus postage

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